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SELECTED TALES.

THE GIANT'S COFFIN:

OR,
The Feud of Holt and Houston.

A TALE OF REEDY RIVER.

BY W. G. SIMMS.

Concluded.

CHAPTER V.

Pursuit under present circumstances was pretty much out of the question—yet Arthur Holt determined upon it. Houston was mounted upon one of most famous horses of the country. He had enjoyed a rest of a couple of hours before the troopers came upon him. The steeds of the latter, at all times inferior, were jaded with the day's journey. Any attempt at direct pursuit, would, therefore, in all probability, only end in driving the tory out of the neighborhood, thus increasing the chance of his final escape. This was by no means the object of the party, and when Arthur ordered the pursuit, some of his men remonstrated by showing, or endeavoring to show, that such must be the effect of it. Arthur Holt, however, had his own objects. But his commands were resisted by no less a person than Leda herself.

"Do not pursue, Arthur, for my sake, do not pursue. My child!—he will slay my child, if you press him hard. He is desperate. You know him not. Press him not, for my sake—for the child's sake—but let him go free."

The entreaty, urged strenuously, and with all those tears and prayers which can only flow from a mother's heart, was effectual—at least to prevent that direct pursuit which Arthur had meditated. But, though his companions favored the prayers of the wife and mother, they were very far from being disposed to let the tory go free. On the contrary, when a little after, they drew aside to the copse for the purpose of consultation, Arthur Holt found, to his chagrin, that his course with regard to Houston was certainly suspected. His comrades assumed a decision in the matter which seemed to take the business out of his hands. Young Fletcher did not scruple to say, that he was not satisfied with the spirit which Arthur had shown in the pursuit; and the hints conveyed by more than one, in the course of the discussion, were of such a nature that the mortified Arthur threw up his command; a proceeding which seemed to occasion no regret or dissatisfaction. Fletcher was immediately invested with it, and proceeded to exercise it with a degree of acuteness and vigor which soon satisfied the party of his peculiar fitness for its duties. His plan was simple but comprehensive. He said: "We cannot press the pursuit, or we drive him off; but we can so fix it as to keep him where he is. If we do not press him, he will keep in the woods near abouts, till he can find some chance of getting the child to the mother again. There's no doubt an understanding between them. She knows where to find him in the woods, or he'll come back at night to the farm. We must put somebody to watch over all her movements. Who will that be?"

The question was answered by the epileptic, Acker, who, unasked, had hung upon the skirts of the party.

"I will watch her!"

"You!"

"Yes, I'm as good a one as you can get."

"Very well! but suppose you should have one of your fits, Acker?"

"I won't have one now for two weeks. My time's over for this month."

"Well, in two weeks, I trust, his time will be over too. We will get some twenty more fellows and make a ring round him. That's my plan. Don't press, for I wouldn't have him hurt the child; but mark him when he aims to pass the ring."

The plan thus agreed on, with numerous details which need not be given here, was immediately entered upon by all parties. Arthur Holt alone took no share in the adventure. The design was resolved upon even without his privity, though the

general object could not be concealed from his knowledge. On throwing up his commission he had withdrawn from his comrades, under a show of mortification, which was regarded as sufficiently natural by those around him to justify such a course. He returned to his farm on Reedy River, but he was no indifferent or inactive spectator of events.

Meanwhile, John Houston had found a temporary retreat some six miles distant from the dwelling of his wife. It was a spot seemingly impervious, in the density of its woods, to the steps of man. A small natural cavity in a hillside had been artificially deepened, in all probability, by the bear, who had left it as a heritage to the hunter to whom he had yielded up his ears. The retreat was known to the hunter only. He had added, from time to time, certain little improvements of his own. Cells were opened on one side, and then on the other. These were strewn with dried leaves and rushes, and, at the remote inner extremity, a fourth hollow had been prepared so as to admit of fire, the smoke finding its way through a small and simple opening at the top. All around this rude retreat the woods were dense, the hunter being at particular pains to preserve it as a place of secrecy and concealment. Its approach was circuitous, and the very entrance upon it, one of those happy discoveries, by which nature is made to accomplish the subtlest purposes of art. Two gigantic shafts, shooting out from the same root, had run up in diverging but parallel lines, leaving between them an opening through which, at a moderate bound, a steed might make his way. On each side of this mighty tree the herbage crowded closely; the tree itself seemed to close the passage, and behind it care was taken, by freely scattering brush and leaves, to remove any traces of horse or human footsteps. In this place John Houston found refuge. To this place, in the dead of night, the unhappy Leda found her way. How she knew of the spot may be conjectured only. But, prompted by a mother's love and a mother's fears, she did not shrink from the task of exploring the dreary forest alone. Here she found her miserable husband, and was once more permitted to clasp her infant to her bosom. The little fellow slept soundly upon the rushes, in one of the recesses of the cave. The father sat at the entrance, keeping watch over him. His stern eye looked upon the embrace of mother and child with a keen and painful interest; and when the child, awakened out of sleep, shrieking with joy, clung to the neck of the mother, sobbing her name with a convulsive delight, he turned from the spectacle with a single sentence, muttered through his closed teeth by which we may see what his meditations had been—"Had the brat but called me father!" The words were unheard by the mother, too full of joy to be conscious of any thing but her child and her child's recovery. When, however, before the dawn of day, she proposed to leave him and take the child with her, she was confounded to meet with denial.

"No!" said the brutal father. "He remains with me. If he is my child, he shall remain as my security and yours. Hear me, woman! Your ruffians have not pursued me; your Arthur Holt knows better than to press upon me; but I know their aims. They have covered the outlets. They would make my captivity secure. I wish but three days; in that time Cunningham will give them employment, and I shall walk over them as I please. But during that time I shall want food for myself and horse—perhaps you will think there is some necessity for bringing food to the child. I do not object to that. Bring it, then, yourself, nightly, and remember, the first show of treachery seals his fate!"

He pointed to the child as he spoke.

"Great God!" she exclaimed. "Are you a man, John Houston! Will you keep the infant from me?"

"Ay—you should thank heaven that I do not keep you from him also. But away! Bring the provisions! Be faithful—and you shall have the child. But remember! if I am entrapped, he dies!"

We pass over the horror of the mother. At the dawn of day, as she was hurrying, but not unseen, along the banks of Reedy River, she was encountered by Arthur Holt.

"I went to your house at midnight, Leda, to put you on your guard," was the salutation of the farmer. I know where you have been, and can guess what duty is before you. I must tell you of its danger."

He proceeded to explain to her the watch that was put upon her movements, and the *corps militaire* by which her husband was surrounded.

"What am I to do?" was her exclamation, as, wringing her hands, the tears for

the first time flowed freely from her eyes.

"I will tell you! Go not back to your cottage, till you can procure the child. Go now to the stone heap on the river bank below, which they call the 'Giant's Coffin.' There, in an hour from now, I will bring you a basket of provisions. The place is very secret, and before it is found out that you go there, you will have got the child. Nightly, I will fill the basket in the same place, which, at the dawn, you can procure. Go now, before we are seen, and God be with you!"

They separated—the young farmer for his home, and Leda for the gloomy vault which popular tradition had dignified with the title of the "Giant's Coffin." This was an Indian Giant, by the way, whose exploits in the erection of Table Mountain, for gymnastic purposes, would put to shame the inferior feats of the devil, under direction of Merlin or Michael Scott. But we have no space in this chapter for such descriptions. Enough if we give some idea of the sort of coffin and the place of burial which the giant selected for himself when he could play his mountain pranks no longer. The coffin was a vaulted chamber of stone, lying at the river's edge, and liable to be overflowed in seasons of freshet. It took its name from its shape. Its area was an oblong square, something more than twelve feet in length, and something less than five in breadth. Its depth at the upper end was about six feet, but it sloped gradually down, until, at the bottom, the ends lay almost even with the surrounding rocks. The inner sides were tolerably smooth and upright—the outer presented the appearance of huge boulders in no way differing from the ordinary shape and externals of such detached masses. The separate parts had evidently, at one period, been united. Some convulsion of nature had evidently fractured the mass, and left the parts in a position so relative, that tradition might well be permitted to assume the labors of art in an achievement which was really that of nature alone. To complete the fancied resemblance of this chamber to a coffin, it had a lid; a thin layer of stone, detached from the rest, which, as the earth around it had been loosened and washed away by the rain, and gradually slid down from the heights above, and now in part rested upon the upper parts of the vault. The boys at play, uniting their strength, had succeeded in forcing it down a foot or more, so that it now covered, securely from the weather, some 4 or 5 feet of the "Giant's Coffin."

It was at this natural chamber that Arthur Holt had counselled Leda Houston to remain until he could bring the promised supply of provisions. This he did, punctually at the time appointed, and continued to do it until it ceased to be necessary; to this spot did the wretched wife and mother repair before dawn of every morning, bearing her burden with all the uncomplaining meekness of a broken heart. We must suppose, in the meantime, that the cordon has been drawn around the track of country in which it was known that Houston harbored. The news was spread at the same time, that an attack might be expected from Bloody Bill Cunningham or some of his men; and the consequence was, that the country was every where in arms and vigilant. A feeling of pity for Leda Houston, who was generally beloved, alone prevented the more daring young men from pressing upon the fugitive, hunting him with a dog and fire, and bringing the adventure to a fierce and final issue. Meanwhile the epileptic, Acker, was active in the business which he had undertaken. He was particularly successful—but of his proceedings we must speak at another moment.

The situation of Leda Houston was in no way improved by the diligence, the patience, the devotion which she displayed in her servitude. She did not seem to make any progress in subduing the incorable nature of her husband. She was permitted to be with and to feed her child to clasp him to her bosom when he slept, and to watch over his sleep with that mixed feeling of hope and fear, which none but a mother knows. But these were all her privileges. The brutal father, still insinuating base and unworthy suspicions, declared that the child should remain, a pledge of her fidelity, and a partial guaranty for his own safety.

Four days had now elapsed in this manner. On the morning of the fifth, at a somewhat later hour than usual, she reappeared with her basket, and, having set down her stores, proceeded to tell her husband of the arrival of a certain squad of troopers, "Butler's men," known for the fierce hostility with which they hunted the men of "Cunningham." The tidings gave him some concern. He saw in it the signs of a dogged determination of the neighborhood to secure him at all hazards—since, from what he knew of the present

condition of the war, these men could be required in that quarter only for some such purpose. They were wanted elsewhere. "Did you see them?" was the question which she answered in the negative. "Who told you, then, of their arrival?" She was silent! Woman! you've spoken with Holt! These are his provisions!" With a blow of his foot he struck the basket from her hand, and, in his fury trampled upon the scattered stores. It was with difficulty that the unhappy woman gathered up enough to pacify the hunger of the child. That day was passed in sullen and ferocious silence on his part—on hers in mute caresses of her boy. His darker suspicions were in full force, and darker thoughts came with them.—"Could I but know!" he muttered. "The child has my mouth and nose; but the forehead, the hair, the eyes—are his!"

Convulsed with terrible fancies, the miserable man hurried to the mouth of the cavern, and throwing himself upon the earth, leaned back, and looked up through the leafy openings at the bits of sky that were suffered to appear above. In this gloomy mood and posture, hours passed by as moments. It was midnight. A change of weather was at hand. The stars were hidden—the sky overcast with clouds, while the winds, seeming to subside, were moaning through the woods as one in deep and painful sleep. The sound, the scene were congenial with the outlaw's soul. It was full of angry elements that only waited the signal to break forth in storm. Suddenly, he was roused from his meditations by the cessation of all sounds from within the cave. The mother slept there, she had been playing with the child and he upon her bosom. Nature, in her ease, had sunk, in spite of sorrow, under fatigue. And she slept deeply her slumbers broken only by a plaintive moaning of those griefs that would not sleep. With a strange curiosity, Houston seated himself quietly beside the pair, while his eyes keenly perused the calm and innocent features of the child. Long was the study, and productive of conflicting emotions. It was interrupted with a start, and his eyes involuntarily turned, with even a less satisfied expression, upon the features of his wife.

But it was not to watch, or to enjoy the beauty which he beheld, that John Houston now bent his dark brows over the sleeping countenance of his wife. The expression in his looks was that of a wild and fearful curiosity suddenly aroused.—She had spoken in her sleep. She had uttered a word—a name—which, of all others was most likely, from any lips to awaken his most angry emotions—from her lips, most terrible. The name was that of Arthur Holt—and she still murmured. The ears of the suspicious husband were placed close to her lips, that none of the whispered sounds might escape him. He heard enough to open to him a vista, at the extremity of which his diseased imagination saw the worst shapes of hate and jealousy. With the pressing thought in her memory of the tasks before her, she spoke of the little basket—the bread—the bottle of milk—the slender slices of ham or venison—which she had been accustomed to receive and bring. Then came the two words, "Giant's Coffin," and the quick fancy of the outlaw, stimulated by hate and other passions, immediately reached at a bound, the whole narrative of her dependence on Holt and her meetings with him at "Giant's Coffin!"

A dark smile passed over his countenance. It was the smile of a demon, who is at length, after long being baffled, in possession of his prey. Leda slept on—soundly slept—for nature had laid her coerced the debtor, and compelled her rights—and the hour was approaching when it was usual for her to set out on her nightly progress. The resolution came, quick as lightning, to the mind of the ruffian. He rose stealthily from the rushes—drew his pistols from his belt, silently examined the flints, and, looking at the knife in his bosom, stole forth from the cavern. With a spirit exulting with the demoniac hope of assuring himself of a secret long suspected, and of realizing a vengeance long delayed, and, familiar, night and day, with every step in his progress, he hurried directly across the country to the banks of Reedy River. The night, by this time, had become tempestuous. Big drops of rain already began to fall; but these caused no delay to the hardy outlaw. He reached the river, and, moving now with cautious steps from rock to rock, he approached the "Giant's Coffin" with the manner of one who expects to find a victim and an enemy. One hand grasped a pistol, the other a knife—and, stealing onward with the pace of the Indian, he hung over the sides of the "Coffin," and peered into its dark chamber with his keenest eyes. It was untenanted. "I am too soon," he muttered. "Well! I can

wait!" And where better to await the victim—where more secure from detection—than in the vault which lay before him;—one half covered from the weather and shut in from all inspection—that alone excepted, for which he had come prepared. The keen gusts of wind which now came across the stream laden with rain, an additional movement. He obeyed the suggestion, passed into the mouth of the "Coffin," and, crouching from sight, in a sitting posture, in the upper or covered part of the chamber, he sat with the anxiety of a passion which did not, however, impair its patience, awaiting for his foe.

He had not reached this position unseen or unaccompanied. We have already intimated that Acker, the epileptic, has made some progress in his discoveries. With the singular cunning, and the wonderful acuteness which distinguish some of the faculties, where others are impaired in the same individual, he had contrived, unseen and unsuspected, to track Leda Houston to the place of her husband's concealment. He had discovered the periods of her incoming and departure, and, taking his rest at all other periods, he was always prepared to renew his surveillance at those moments when the wife was to go forth. He had barely resumed his watch, on the night in question, when he was surprised to see Houston himself, and not his wife, emerging from the cave. He followed cautiously his footsteps. Light of foot, and keeping at convenient distance, his espionage was further assisted by the wind, which, coming in their faces, effectually kept all sounds of pursuit from the ears of the outlaw. His progress was not so easy when the latter emerged from the woods, and stood upon the banks of the river.—His approach now required more caution; but, stealing on from shrub to shrub, and rock to rock, Acker at length stood—or rather crouched—upon the brink of the river also, and at but a small distance from the other. But of this distance he ceased to be conscious. He was better informed, however, when, a moment after, he heard a dull, clattering, but low sound, which he rightly conjectured to have been caused by some pressure upon the lower lid of the coffin, which, being somewhat pendulous, was apt to vibrate slightly, in spite of its great length and weight, under any pressure from above. This sound apprised Acker of the exact whereabouts of the outlaw, and his keen eyes at length detected the dim outline of the latter's form, as he stood upon the lid of the coffin, the moment before he disappeared within its recesses. Encouraged to advance by the disappearance of the other, the epileptic did so with extreme caution. He was favored by the hoarse tumbling of the water as it poured its way among the rocks, and by the increasing discords of the wind and rain, which now came down in heavy showers. As he crawled from rock to rock, along the stealthy movement of a cat along some precipitous ledge, shrinking and shivering beneath the storm, his own desire for shelter led him suddenly to the natural conclusion that Houston had found his within the vault. The ideas of Acker came to him slowly; but, gradually, as he continued to approach, he remembered the clattering of the coffin-lid—he remembered how, in his more youthful days, the boys, with joint strength, had forced it to its present place and he conceived the sudden purpose of making the coffin of the Giant, that also of the deadly enemy whose boyish persecutions he had neither forgot nor forgiven. To effect his present object, which, suddenly conceived, became for the time an absorbing thirst, a positive frenzy in his breast,—he concentrated all his faculties, whether of mind or of body, upon his task. His pace was deliberate, and so stealthy, that he reached the upper end of the Coffin, laid himself down beside it, and, applying his ear to one of the crevices, distinctly heard the suppressed breathings of the man within. Crawling back, he laid his hands lightly and with the greatest care upon the upper and heavier end of the stone. His simple touch, so nicely did it seem to be balanced, caused its vibration; and with the first consciousness of its movement, Houston, whom we must suppose to have been lying down, raising his pistol with one hand, laid the other on one of the sides of the vault, with the view, as it was thought, to lift himself from his recumbent position.—He did so just as the huge plate was set in motion, and the member was caught and closely wedged between the mass and the side of the Coffin upon which it rested.—A slight cry broke from the outlaw. The fingers were crushed, the hand was effectually secured. But for this, so slow was the progress of the stone, that it would have been very easy for Houston to have scrambled out before the vault was entirely closed in. Slowly, but certainly, the lid went down. Ignorant of the peculiar occasion of the outlaw's groans, the epi-

leptic answered them with a chuckle, which, had the former been conscious would have taught him his enemy. But he had fainted. The excruciating agony of his hurt had been too much for his strength. Acker finished his work without interruption; then piling upon the plate a mountain of smaller stones, he dashed away in the direction of Holt's cottage. Here he encountered the young farmer, busy, as was usual about that hour, in making up his little basket of provisions. A few words from the epileptic sufficed to inform him that they were no longer necessary—that Houston was gone—fled—utterly escaped, and now, in all probability beyond pursuit. Such was the tale he told. He had his policy in it. The characteristic malignant cunning which had prompted him to the fearful revenge which he had taken upon his enemy, was studious now to keep it from being defeated. To have told the truth would have been to open the "Giant Coffin," to undo all that had been done and once more let free the hated tyrant; upon whose head he had visited the meditated retribution of more than twenty years. Acker well knew the generous nature of the young farmer, and did not doubt that if he declared the facts, Arthur would have proceeded at once to the rescue of his common enemy. He suppressed all show of exultation; made a plausible story—it matters not of what sort—by which to account for the flight of Houston; and, the consequence was, that, instead of proceeding as before to the "Giant's Coffin," Arthur Holt now prepared to set out for the "Hunter's Cave." But the day had broke in tempest. A fearful storm was raging.—The windows of heaven were opened, the rain came down in torrents, and the wind went forth with equal violence, as if from the whole four quarters of the earth.—The young farmer got out his little wagon, and, jumping in, Acker prepared to guide him to the place of retreat.

"The river is rising fast, Peter," was the remark of Arthur as he caught a glimpse of the swollen stream as it foamed along its way.

"Yes!" said the other, with a sort of hiccough, by which he suppressed emotions which he did not venture to declare: "Yes!" I reckon 'twon't be many hours afore it fills the 'Coffin.'"

"If it keeps on at this rate," returned the other, "one hour will be enough to do that."

"Only one, you think?"

"Yes! one will do!"

Another hiccough of the epileptic appropriately finished the dialogue.

CHAPTER VI.

Leda awakened from her deep sleep to find herself alone with the child. She was startled and alarmed at the absence of her husband; but as the child was left—the great, and we may add, the only, object for which she could have borne so much—she was satisfied. On assuring herself of the departure of Houston from the cave, she would unhesitatingly have taken hers also—but the storm was now raging without, and, persuaded that her husband had taken advantage of its violence to cross the barriers, she gathered up the fragments of the last night's supper, and was busy in giving her boy his little breakfast, when roused by the voice of Arthur Holt. The story of the epileptic was soon told—as he had related it to Arthur. In this story, as there was nothing improbable, both parties put implicit faith; and, cloaking mother and child as well as he might, the young farmer bore them through the close thicket to the place, some three hundred yards without, where, on account of the denseness of the wood, he had been compelled to leave the wagon. The horse of Houston, the "Big Bay," was next brought forth, but as Acker could neither be persuaded to mount, or take him charge, he was restored to the covert until a better opportunity for removing him. To the surprise of the young farmer, the epileptic was equally firm in refusing to go with him in the wagon. "I don't mind the rain," said he, "it can't hurt me." "He will get his death," said Leda. "Not he," replied Arthur, as Acker staggered through the woods; "the water always helps him in his fits." While the wagon took one course, he took another. Little did they suspect his route. A terrible feeling carried him back to Reedy River—to a pitiless watch above that natural tomb in which he had buried his living victim.

Meanwhile, what of Houston? When he recovered his consciousness, the vault had been closed upon him; the flat mass, once set in motion, had slid down the smooth edges of the upright sides with uninterrupted progress, and now lay above him, shutting out light almost equally with hope. But a faint glimmering reached the interior of the cell, from a crevice on

(Concluded on fourth page.)

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Aug. 27, 1846.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office where they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that retaining a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.
6. When Postmasters notify Publishers that their papers are not taken from their offices, they should do this by letter, franked, and not by sending the papers back. They should also give the reason the subscriber gives, if any, for not taking his paper.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

Baltimore Md.,
Aug. 21th, 1846.

Messrs. Editors:—When I parted with you in Boston, if you recollect aright, I promised to give you, from time to time, a brief sketch of my wanderings and whereabouts. When I left you, I proceeded with all due despatch, with bag and baggage, towards the Providence Rail Road Depot. I had not advanced more than twenty rods before I encountered friend S. After the usual mutual inquiries, and after he had ascertained, that I proposed to make a tour of the United States, by way of New York, the Lakes, the Mississippi, and then by packet round Florida from New Orleans to New York, he said he had a charge, he wished to commit to my care. We proceeded to the Depot.—On the way, I anxiously inquired the nature of the charge, he was about to entrust to me. As I had a due supply of baggage of my own to take care of, you may be assured I was not much enraptured at the idea of an addition. S. looked peculiarly demure, shook his head, but said nothing. The idea struck me, that it must be a package of Bank Bills, for some Bank in New York, S. being the Cashier of the Bank of —, you know. "If it is a package of Bank bills," said I, "I shall decline taking charge of them, for, if I should lose it or be robbed, I should be left in the 'slough of despond,' and perhaps accused of the robbery myself." S. set my fears at rest on that point.

After arriving at our destination, and when I had exhausted my imagination in fancying what the nature of my charge was to be, S. informed me, after a few precautionary hints, that it was no less than the care of—a young lady, of sweet and blushing seventeen, and the usual accompaniment of bank-boxes, &c. S. stated, that she was going on to N. Y. City, where her friends resided, and if I would take charge of her, it would save him the trouble of going on—his business was pressing, &c., &c. Well, here was a predicament for an old bachelor. But I could not dissent.

My fair companion arrived soon after, and I was installed, with due formality, into the duties of my office. We arrived at Stonington without any accident except running off the track, which did no other damage than bringing a few bonnets into a flat, Quaker-like condition, and damaging one man's stomach to such an extent, that it would never after, as the owner himself said, be a fit receptacle for roast turkey and brandy punch.

It was about dark when we were put on board the boat at Stonington. It was a gorgeous evening. The moon was at its full, and not a cloud to be seen. The water was hardly roughened by a ripple on its surface. It was just such a night as romantic novel writers would have selected, upon which his hero would be made to declare his love. My fair charge and I promenaded the upper deck, where we had a better opportunity of surveying the scene in all its loveliness. I found that my companion had received an excellent education, and to many personal attractions added the more bewitching charms of a cultivated mind and polished ease and refinement of manner. The scene, the occasion, in one word, the *tout ensemble*, were too overpowering for the flinty heart of old bachelorhood to resist. From that hour I was a "smashed" man, and my heart a wreck of what it once was.—"Well," you inquire, "of course, they were brought down upon your knees?" Not I. No such thing. The next morning my fair enslaver was consigned to the arms of—a loving husband, who was anxiously waiting for her at the wharf, and I was transferred, bag and baggage, to the Rip Van Winkle, the fastest sailing steamer on the Hudson.

It becomes my poor pen to even attempt a description of the glorious beauties of the Hudson. Its scenery has been the theme of Magazine writers, would-be-poets, *et id omne genus*; I shall not, therefore, inflict upon you even an inkling of a sketch. Suffice it to say, that the banks of the Hudson are covered with some of the most beautiful summer residences in the United States. Had I an income of ten thousand a year, I should establish my "Roget" somewhere along its banks in a twinkling. Washington Irving has a beautiful situation on it, where, it is said, he proposes to pass the remainder of his days in quiet and learned ease. By the way, I understand, he will arrive soon from Spain, where he has been engaged in the preparation of a life of Mohammed.

His opportunities for collecting materials for this life have been great, as he has had free access to the Spanish archives at Madrid. This work he intends to publish soon after his arrival at New York.

The Rip Van Winkle arrived at Albany about five o'clock, when I took the cars and proceeded to Schenectady. From Schenectady I proceeded alternately by Rail-road and canal-boats to Buffalo and there took passage on board the Steamboat "Marie" for Chicago.

If a person is desirous of seeing "life below and above stairs," let him sail in a Steamboat through the lakes. Then he will see every variety of character, the most grotesque and bizarre dress, originality and stupidity, learning and ignorance. There, in one part of the boat, you will see the well dressed man, the exquisite from New York City; and in another part of the boat you will see the poor man, with his coarse and homespun coat; and beside him the poor Irishman, with just clothes enough upon him to answer common decency. All are thrown in together higgledy piggledy, and a motley collection they make; just the scene for Hogarth to display his genius upon. Many carry their provisions and bedding with them, and enjoy themselves like "pigs in clover."

A sail by the Lakes is one of the most delightful water excursions a person can make. Lake Superior is the most romantic and delightful of all the Lakes. Remote from civilization, and its water of crystal purity and transparency, Lake Superior furnishes the most matter of interest, and food for contemplation. It is decidedly the largest and most beautiful Lake in the world. It covers an area of 35,000 square miles, abounds in the most delicious fish, and has some of the very best and commodious harbors. The Steamboats for Chicago do not enter this Lake, but keep on south from Lake Huron into Lake Michigan. As I was desirous of seeing Lake Superior, I was, therefore, compelled to leave the boat at the head of Lake Huron, in which I took passage at Buffalo.

But as this scrawl has extended to a greater length than I intended, I must defer to a future communication the account of my adventures down the Mississippi, and how I got into this "Monumental City" of Baltimore, distinguished for its lovely women, regular streets, and, in summer, tropical heat. Yours truly,

A. N. Q.

FOREIGN POPULATION.—The tide of population to this country from the Old World, during the past summer, has been greater probably than in any former season. Thousands upon thousands have entered the country, through New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, and the Canadas, and "the cry is, still they come."

It is a subject of anxious inquiry to many what will be the result to this country of this overwhelming influx of population from the shores of the Old World. Some croakers anticipate a world of evil from the introduction of a foreign population into the United States. We are fearful of no such evil consequences.

Almost every emigrant leaves his native country for the sole purpose of bettering his condition. It is with the utmost difficulty and by the most unremitting and exhausting toil, that he can obtain a bare subsistence at home. Here he has plenty, liberty and perfect happiness. One objection to foreign emigration, which has been brought forward, is, that the emigrants will still hanker after "the flesh pots" of Europe, and will retain all the monarchical desires of the Old World. But we have no fears of this. Every emigrant leaves his native country because of its oppression, in one form or another. It is not rational to suppose that he will desire to establish the same form of government here, which he had fled from at home.

There is, also, room enough, and to spare, for all who may choose to come over.—Look at our Western Lands. There is soil there to furnish products for half of the population of Europe. All that is wanting is industry to make that land smile, and make it a land overflowing with "milk and honey," where is now a howling wilderness.

In practice, it has been found, that the emigrants from foreign countries have assimilated themselves to our form of Government, and have fallen in with our habits and modes of thought and action with surprising facility. The only exceptions are probably the case of the Germans. They are imbued with very strong prejudices, and seldom give up their language and modes of living, thought and action. But, on the other hand, they are a remarkably quiet and peaceable people. They are a contemplative race and seldom engaged in revolutionary or insurrectionary movements.

In fine, we believe, that foreign emigration contributes to our wealth, to our prosperity and greatness as a nation. Almost every emigrant becomes identified with us in the course of a very few years, and imbued with American feelings and habits. Their children, too, are Americans by birth, and soon become thoroughly so by association. Looking at the matter in its worse aspect, we are unable to see what future evil consequences are to result from an influx of a foreign population to our shores.

NEW HAMPSHIRE JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.—Some twelve years since, Mr T., of B., in New Hampshire, acted as watchman in a cotton mill, and subsequently, was appointed a justice of the peace in and for the County of R. Soon after his appointment, a Deputy Sheriff of the same county, called upon "Squire T." to take the acknowledgement of a deed. The "Squire" with great gravity, as in the case of "Squire Smith," ordered his family out of the room and then proceeded as follows:

"You will please to take off your hat, sir."

"Now, please to hold up your right hand, sir."

"You solemnly swear this is your free act and deed, so help you God, sir."—N. H. Telegraph.

This reminds us of a story we once heard of a newly appointed justice of the peace "down east," in the State of Maine. After he had received his commission, he shaved and put on his Sunday best, and, having assembled his family in the parlor, placing himself before a looking-glass, at the same time holding up his right hand, with great gravity and decorum, proceeded to qualify himself by administering to himself the customary oaths of office.

GOOD EFFECTS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

An Irish woman by the name of Catherine Holleran, robbed Mr Healy of Springfield, of about \$200 in bank bills. She took the 9 o'clock train of cars for New Haven, and thence by boat to New York. Information was sent by Telegraph give the name and description of the thief to the Chief of the Police, who arrested her when the boat arrived. She had \$198 of the stolen money with her and a number of other articles were found in her trunk, evidently stolen. The prisoner was committed by the Chief of the Police, to await the requisition of the State of Massachusetts.

AN EARTHQUAKE.—A shock of earthquake was very sensibly felt, in this village, last Tuesday morning, between the hours of four and five. It commenced by a heavy rumbling noise, and was followed by a shock, lasting about half a minute.—The glass in some of the houses actually rattled, and the houses rocked to and fro. Some of our citizens felt it so sensibly, that they jumped out of bed. It is thought by some, that some powder-mill exploded, but we have been informed, that there is none nearer than the one at Barre, a distance of twenty-four miles. The same shock was felt at Springfield.

STAGE UPSET.—A stage-coach, containing 8 or 9 passengers, broke through a bridge last week near Williamstown, Ms., and was precipitated several feet into the river. The stage came down bottom side up. No one was killed, but several were severely injured. Judge Washburn, of Worcester, Rev. Dr. Jenks, of N. Y. city, Dr. Prime and Dr. Cooley, of Granville, were in the stage at the time of the accident.

FROM THE ARMY.—According to the latest advices from the Rio Grande, Gen. Taylor left Matamoros on the 5th inst., on his way to Monterey. He was occupied in getting the army on towards the latter place. There was no other news of importance. It was expected, that there would soon be another battle with the Mexicans.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—The anniversary of this Institution took place on the 19th inst. Thirty-two received the degree of A. B., and twelve the degree of A. M. in course. No L. L. D.'s were conferred.—N. H. Griffin, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected Lawrence Professor of the Languages.

CITY OF MANCHESTER.—The first charter election was held at Manchester, N. H., on the 19th inst. There was no choice of Mayor. The Whig candidate came within 15 votes of an election. The Board of Aldermen, all whigs, was chosen by about 250 majority.

THE MEXICAN WAR.—There now appears every probability that General Taylor, with twenty-five or thirty thousand men, will soon occupy a large part of northern and western Mexico, if not the whole of the Montezumas. It will be seen that troops are marching into the country at many points.

Ground was broken on the Long Pond Aqueduct at Framingham, on Thursday last, with some little ceremony, in the presence of the Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council of the city of Boston, with a few invited guests, among them the Selectmen of Brighton, Newton, Weyland and Framingham.

The Amherst Express says there is now living in the town of New Salem, a Mr Thomas Adams, 95 years old, who has read the Bible through, in course, more than sixty times since he was 80 years of age—once in fourteen days—and once in connection with all of Scott's Notes and Practical Observations. His eye-sight is good, and he converses freely.

According to the latest advices from Matamoros an attack was contemplated upon Tampico.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—The following highly important news from Mexico, we clip from the N. Y. Herald:—The packet ship Adelaide, Captain Adams, arrived here yesterday from Havana, whence she sailed on the 9th instant.

The English Mail steamer had arrived at Havana from Vera Cruz.

She brought intelligence of a revolution in Mexico in favor of Santa Anna.

Soon after the arrival of the steamer Generals Santa Anna, Almonte and Rejon left Havana in the British steamer Arab, chartered for that purpose, to take them to Vera Cruz, and they are now probably at the latter place.

It appears that the city of Mexico and the city of Vera Cruz had both declared for Santa Anna.

The *Indicator* of Vera Cruz, of 31st July, states: that that city had pronounced in favor of the plan of Guadalajara, with some additions; that Generals Landero and Perez led the movement; the troops of the fortress of San Juan d'Ulloa, also adhered to the plan. The likeness of General Santa Anna was carried through the streets, causing great enthusiasm and rejoicing.

The *El Republicano* has several columns of individual voluntary subscriptions, to aid in carrying on the war with the United States.

General Paredes was to leave the city of Mexico on the 29th July, to take command of the troops on the frontier.

It is rumored in the city of Mexico, that the different heads of the departments, especially that of the Minister of War, are changing the clerks or secretaries of their respective departments every two or three days.

The renunciation of the present secretaries of the different departments are now admitted, and they will leave their posts as soon as President Paredes delivers the views of Government to General Bravo.

Despatch to General Turrel, Minister of War, from Paredes.

MARIANO PAREDES, General of Division and President of the Mexican Republic, to the inhabitants thereof:—

Be it known, that the national extraordinary congress has decreed, and the Executive sanctioned, the following articles:

Art. 1. The government is authorised to vary or change the organization of the army, according as they may think most convenient.

Art. 2. To be able to name without any after approbation superior officers as a reward for distinguished actions in the present campaign.

Art. 3. As regards the estimates for the maintenance of the troops, at the same price, preference to be given to national productions.

Art. 4. That there be formed and granted Letters of Marque, to act against the Commerce of the United States.

ANASTASIO BUSTAMANTE, Pres.
MANUEL LARRAINSA, Secretaries.
J. FRANCISCO SERRANO, Secretaries.

It is ordered that this decree be published, circulated, and obeyed.
Palace of the Mexican government, July 25, 1846.

MARIANA PAREDES Y ARRILAGA.

The antecedent decree was unanimously agreed to in the General Congress on the 20th July.

The government throws itself in the arms of the people to save the republic, and preserve the independence of the nation and republican principles from being sacrificed by their Northern invaders.—The government firmly believes the effort will be successful.

The troubles of the citizens of Mexico on the Rio Grande, are alluded to in the presses of the country, and with much apparent bitterness against the United States.

The citizens of Mexico are called on, in general terms, to rise *en masse*, and repel their invaders.

The government are sending, with all despatch, extensive war-supplies of all descriptions to Monterey, to be at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief.

YALE COLLEGE.—On Wednesday the 19th inst., Prof. Theodore D. Wolsey was elected President of Yale College, in place of Rev. Jeremiah Day, resigned. Rev. Noah Porter, Jr., of Springfield, Ms., was chosen Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Professor Silliman, was chosen Professor of Chemistry. Dr. Day has held the Presidential chair for 29 years.

There is no State Prison or Penitentiary in North Carolina. At the late election, the question of establishing one was submitted to the people, and they decided against it, by a majority of from 15,000 to 20,000 votes.

John B. Gough, says the Lynchburg Virginian, is now supposed to be out of danger; his convalescence must necessarily be slow; and it will be some weeks before his strength will be sufficiently restored to enable him to resume his labors in the temperance cause.

JAIL DELIVERY.—Eight persons escaped from the Amherst (N. H.) jail, on the 17th inst., of whom two were afterwards retaken. Their names were John B. Smith, Anthony Leighton, John Butler, Lorenzo D. Montgomery, Peter Godfrey, Isaac Russell, Charles Scates, and Jackson Williams.

SCENES ON OUR WHARF YESTERDAY.

We have never seen in this city such a spectacle as was witnessed yesterday on our wharf. About 11 o'clock the first regiment, composed principally of our citizens, arrived there and formed a line in front of the steamboats then in readiness to convey them to the Rio Grande. The whole wharf was lined from block to block with citizens, who, from friendship, acquaintance or curiosity, had been drawn thither. The sun shone with unusual heat upon the multitude, but none heeded it.—

Just before where we stood were some fifty females, some just budding into womanhood, others older and of more perfect shape, while those of a maturer age were looking on with more gravity and less excitement. We soon saw that these females each, and all, had relatives or sweethearts in this regiment, and they had come down to take a last, lingering farewell of them as they passed. It was very solemnly done, and we noticed the tears fall plentifully at the words "good bye," on numerous occasions. At length a fine youth came opposite a lovely—a truly interesting girl. She threw her arms around his neck exclaiming frantically, "George! George!! I may never see you again."—The noble fellow kissed again and again, exclaiming, "God bless you!" and then pushed her swooning into the arms of another, and regained his place in the ranks.

As another rather green looking boy was passing he saw his mother, who had stood uncovered in the sun until her face was red as fire, to bid him adieu. On seeing her he said, "Good bye, mamma."—"Good bye, Zach! Sal will look for ye back," said the anxious mother, and they parted, perhaps forever.

The enthusiasm of the women displayed in taking leave of their friends yesterday outdid anything we ever saw or ever expect to see. There they stood in squads—the hot sun pouring down, to bid the defenders of their country, and in many instances, their dearest friends, a long adieu. Many scenes were very affecting, and showed the true feeling of the country for war as well as friends.—*Cincinnati Daily Commercial*, July 2.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—A wonderful discovery—if it prove true, and the account comes well authenticated—is related in late English papers. Professor Auckland lately read before the Royal Society of London, a paper describing the discovery we refer to which he had made. It is not one of any great utility, but at the same time very ornamental, and a source of much pleasure to many persons. He took several young blackbirds of the common kind (*oiseau noir*), immediately from the shell, kept them in a well warmed apartment, and fed them three times a day upon different kinds of flower seeds from which the husks had been carefully picked. The result was, each bird had the plumage of the flower that would have grown from the seed if planted in the ground. He exhibited several specimens to the society, which were afterwards sent especially to the Queen. The account from which we gather this, says, "this is a beautiful research and richly has the learned professor been paid."

BANKRUPTS UNDER THE LATE LAW.—A report has been prepared by the State Department for Congress, from which it appears that the number of applicants for the benefit of the bankrupt law, heretofore passed, was 33,739; number discharged from the payment of their debts, 28,291; refused by the courts, 766; applications still pending, 4468; aggregate number of creditors, given by the applicants, 1,949,603; aggregate debts, \$440,934,615; property surrendered, \$43,697,307; cost of judicial proceedings, \$602,322. Only think of a difference of nearly \$400,000,000 between the debts and the amount of property surrendered—or not far from \$400 for each creditor.

THE WIFE OF PAREDES.—The Savannah Republican says:—"A captain in the American navy, well and favorably known in Savannah, who is intimately acquainted with the Mexican President, informs us that his wife is remarkable for great coolness in danger, as well as for her unwavering devotion to Paredes. She always accompanies the army on horseback, and on several occasions has been known to dress her husband's wounds with her own hands on the field of battle."

Three merchant ships have been chartered to take out the New York Regiment to California. They are the Susan Drew, Loo Choo and Thos. H. Perkins, all Boston ships. The two first get \$20,000 each, and the latter, \$22,000.

CHEAP LIVING.—A letter writer from the Cherokee country, describing the cheapness of luxuries and liveables in that nation, puts down corn at 20 cents per bushel, beef at 2 cents per pound, eggs 5 cents per dozen, chickens 12 to 16 cts. a pair, butter 8 cents per pound, and everything else in proportion!

WORCESTER AND NASHUA RAILROAD.—Books are to be opened on the 19th instant, by the Directors of the Worcester and Nashua Railroad Company, at the several Banks in Worcester, Uxbridge and Nashua, for additional subscriptions to the Capital Stock of said company.—*Spr.*

ANECDOTE OF A SOUTHERN MERCHANT.

—We find in one of our southern exchanges a story told of a shrewd and cunning merchant, in order to illustrate a striking trait of human nature, that where money is readily made it is usually not well taken care of, and to show how important it is that every individual should examine the items charged in their bills.

A merchant of Mississippi, during a day's business in which he had been crowded with customers, sold a saddle of the value of forty dollars, but had neglected to make the charge. Next day he missed the saddle, and recollected the fact of the sale, but not the individual who had bought it. After racking his memory for some time to no purpose, he directed his clerk Jim to his ledger alphabet and read off the W's then the S's, the B's the C's and other letters in succession—all to no purpose.

Tired out with mental exercise, as the readiest way of settling the difficulty, "Jim," said he, "charge a riding saddle to every one of the customers." This was accordingly done. When the planter had got their cotton in, and settling came round, the bills were presented, and if occasionally one man, more prudent than his neighbors, went through the drudgery of examining a long list of sundries got by different members of the family, he might possibly discover a saddle which they had not got, or one more than they had got, and, objecting to the item, it would be struck out of course, alleging there was some mistake. When all the accounts had been settled up, "Well, Jim," said the store-keeper, "how many customers paid for that saddle?" Jim examined, and reported *thirty-one*.—"Little enough," exclaimed his employer, "for the trouble we have had to find out who had got it."

The building of a new bridge across the Chicopee River, at Cabotville, has been commenced, and the old bridge is being demolished as fast as possible. As a consequence the only way in which teams can get over the river at that point, is by fording, which is attended with much inconvenience and some hazard, as the water is several feet deep in many places.—Travellers between here and Williamansett, or towns above, will find it an object to take the Chicopee Falls instead of the Cabot road, though the distance is about a mile farther.—*Spr. Gaz.* Aug. 14.

COUNTERFEITING.—Ten dollar bills, upon the Cabot bank, at Cabotville, Mass., signed J. Chase, President, and G. Walker, Cashier, letter B. some dated June 3d, and others May 15, 1846, have been circulating at Brooklyn, New York. The vignette shows a blacksmith shoeing a horse, upon the back of which is a rider. The plate on the left represents a farm girl, with a sheaf in her hand. The engraving is well done, but the hue of the printing ink is rather brown. Some five dollar counterfeit upon the same bank have also been discovered. A young man of wealthy connections has been arrested for passing some of the bills.—*Boston Cou.*

LOOK OUT FOR A ROGUE.—A few days since a person purchased of a jeweler in Portsmouth, (New-Hampshire), jewelry to the amount of fifteen dollars, tendering a \$100 bill to the occupant of the store, who gave the change required. It has since been ascertained that the bill is a \$1 bill of the Hampshire Manufacturers' Bank, altered to \$100. This is probably the same rogue that has passed off several bills of the same amount in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and he probably may have "a few more left of the same sort," therefore the public should be on their guard.—*Worcester Spy.*

WAGES IN PARIS PER DAY.—Hatters, 56 cents; Cap-makers, 46; Shoemakers, 56; Ropemakers, 56; Cutlers, 56; Piano-forte-makers, 75; Engravers, 94; Watchmakers, 75; Printers, 75; Bookbinders, 56; Papermakers, 75; Plumbers, 56; Saddlers, 65; Tailors, 75; Upholsters, 56; Blacksmiths, 56; Tanners, 75; Turners in Wood 56; Turners in Metal, 75; Cabinet Makers, 75.—*N. Y. Express.*

BURGLARY.—The store of J. P. & H. Hemmenway, of Shutesbury, was entered on the night of the 14th inst., and a small amount of money stolen. A desk in the store was broken open, and the money drawers were taken out and carried a short distance from the store. Money appeared to be their object, as nothing else was missed.—*Franklin Express.*

We understand that 6 or 700 baggage wagons, and about as many sets of harness, for the U. S. Army, are making in this city and the neighboring towns, and an unusual activity, for the season, prevails therefore in those branches of the trade. Several of the wagons passed through this city yesterday.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

HARRISON GRAY, Esq., a gentleman extensively known, died almost instantly last Sunday morning at the Marlboro' Hotel, with a disease of the heart.—He was apparently well until a few minutes before death. Mr Gray has left a large circle of friends. His age was 51.—*Oliver Branch.*

A man was found slain in Boston last week, but using profane language, so no more news.

THE DROUGHT.—The dry weather now prevailing is very remarkable and oppressive. We have had next to no rain for three weeks. The sky is brass and the earth iron. On Saturday a few drops of rain fell, scarcely enough to lay the dust. Gardens suffer, and not gardens alone—corn, potatoes and Spring crops generally, will be most seriously injured unless we shall be favored with an immediate supply of rain. In the South part of the county it has been even more intense and long continued than here. Streams are low to a degree nearly unprecedented. The waters of the Genesee river are mostly diverted for the supply of the canals greatly to the injury of owners of mills and manufacturing. Were it not for this cause there would be an adequate supply even in this season of unparalleled drought. We cannot doubt that the injustice thus done by the State to our city, will ere long be rectified, and the Erie Canal supplied, in pursuance of the original design, from Lake Erie.—*Rochester American.*

WE HAVE NO OCCASION TO COMPLAIN in this neighborhood. There has been a good supply of rain, and vegetation never looked better at this season. We had a copious rain yesterday, Friday, P. M., and it is not a week since the earth was fully saturated with rain.—*Boston Traveller.*

LOOK OUT FOR ROGUES.—The jobbing shop of Mr. L. Hammond, on Pyncheon street, was forcibly entered on Monday night, and a string of about fifty door, trunk and chest keys, belonging to him, stolen, nothing else was touched.—*Springfield Repub.*

We understand that the workmen employed in the Thompsonville carpet factory, whose wages had been reduced 20 per cent. on account of the passage of the new tariff bill, refused to work—and that the company, having so many orders on hand, had to set them to work at the old prices.—*New Haven Register.*

The trains of the Connecticut River Railroad Co., commenced running to and from So. Deerfield on Monday last. The passenger fare from So. Deerfield to Northampton has been established at 35 cents—*from Deerfield to Springfield 85 cents.*—*Franklin Express.*

The Middletown Sentinel says, as "Miss Lucy Wright, a maid, was entering the porch of St. Stephen's church last Sunday Mr. Abel Bingham, a widower, stepped up to Lucy and said, "Will you marry me to-day?" She, blushing, said, "Yes, Abel." They were published and married at noon by the Rev. Thomas J. Slater."

On the fourth, the Declaration of Independence was read in a certain town in Louisiana. After the names of the signers had been repeated, a Frenchman arose, and indignantly asked why Lafayette's name was not there, and made a motion that it should be added forthwith.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Mr. Emerson is about to establish himself in this place, if sufficient encouragement is given. All those who have defective teeth will do well to give him a call.

As a sure cure for whooping cough, take equal portions of Linseed Oil, Honey, and New England Rum, mixed together: give one tablespoonful every time the patient coughs.

Four thousand one hundred and eighty-one emigrants were landed at New York Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

It is estimated that \$12,000,000 were annually expended in the United States, for lottery tickets, and the chances for a prize are about 1 to 67,000!

Recently at the Copper Mines on Lake Superior, a "greenhorn" asked some miners to show him where to dig; they offered to do it, provided he would treat to a quart of prairie dew, which he did, and they set him to work under a shady tree, in mere sport. Before night, he struck "a Lead," and the next day sold out for \$400.

AN APPRAISAL.—A man by the name of Geo. Wilder, from Princeton, and a man by the name of Johnson, who belonged to Welch & Mann's Circus, got into a quarrel at Barre, Ms., on the 15th inst., in which Johnson was stabbed in the arm by a bowie-knife, causing a wound of some three or four inches. Wilder was committed to jail. He is a State Prison bird.

NOT WANTED.—The Adjutant General of Massachusetts, has received information from the Secretary of War, that the services of the volunteers from this State for the Mexican war, will not be wanted.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—A new Normal school is to be dedicated at Westfield, Ms. on the 3d of September.

To Mr. PARKER we are indebted for the N. Y. Herald, containing the War news, which will be found in another column.

WEDNESDAY.—Cold and rainy weather. Fine chance for a "ride" to the Springs (!) Whole going?

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

We learn by a man "who was there," that a few days ago in Berwick, Me., a good honest looking country fellow was looking at the telegraphic wires there with astonishment. A passer by asked him what he thought of it. "Well, I don't zackly, but I am sure they won't get me to ride on the darnations things—them wires and posts would tear my breeches all to pieces."

If a man gets intoxicated in Sweden, for the first offence he is exposed in the parish church the following Sunday, deprived of his elective franchise, and disqualified to appear as a representative.

In the township of Deerfield, situated in the valley of the Connecticut, there are about 500 inhabitants. For two years there have been but 5 deaths.

There are now published in Paris, no less than 26 daily papers.

"Fred," said a wag to a conceited fop, "I know a beautiful creature who desires to make your acquaintance."

"Glad to hear it—fine girl—good taste—struck with my fine appearance, I suppose?"

"Yes, very much so. She thinks you would make a capital playmate for her poodle dog."

Why was Queen Elizabeth greater than Napoleon?—Because he was a wonder, and she was a Tudor.

What persons are they who would prefer the fate of Charles I. to that of Cromwell? They that like a chop better than a stake.

A quack, recently offering his medicine for the cure of cutaneous diseases, said they would cure even the eruptions of Mt. Hecla!

Massachusetts imports, annually, fifty millions of lbs. of sugar; on this, she will save \$700,000 under the new Tariff.

An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors, by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look replied: "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors, but as to Mr. Jones sometimes I think, and then I don't know—but after all I guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be!"

The fire is never satisfied with wood, the ocean with rivers, death with mankind, a man with riches, nor a Coquette with lovers.

"Why would you tie a slow horse to a post improve his pace?" Because it would make him fast.

An up country gallant, not long since went over to see his "bright particular," and after sitting for nearly half a day without saying a word, at last got up and said: "Well I reckon it's gettin' feedin' time—I must be goin'—Well a good evenin' to you all, Miss Nancy!"

The silk business at the Sandwich Islands, after quite a fortune has been expended in experiments during a period of eight or ten years, is finally given up as a total failure.

The Western papers are talking about John P. Hale as a candidate for the next Presidential campaign.

A Connecticut Jonathan in taking a walk with his dearest, came to a toll bridge, when he, as honestly as he was wont to be, said, after paying his toll, (which was one cent,) "Come, Sukey, you must pay your own toll, for just as like as not I shant have you arter all."

We like to have young ladies get married—especially when they prevail on their husbands to subscribe for the Sentinel.—We know one such!

A man who gets through the world without a kick, may rest assured that he is generally considered not worth minding.

The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

What fashion calls friendship dishonors the name.

Full weather has commenced in right good earnest—warm days and cool nights.

The shock that was felt here last Tuesday morning, is now generally believed to have been an earthquake.

Answer to the Enigma in our last is Cervantes Saavedra Michael.

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.
The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with "The Palmer Sentinel,"
ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices.
—such as—
Books, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Circulars, Shop Bills, Tickets, Orders, &c.
Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.
All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.
Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.
E. F. WHITTEMORE, R. A. TENNEY.

JUST PUBLISHED! GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—
Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.
By W. J. BUCHAN, M.D. of London, England.
With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrating the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.
THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs—an outline of Dr. Buchan's highly successful method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his new and powerful remedy—and directions for self-management and cure, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experience in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, "a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.
Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. H. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

MR. STANTON.—Sir,—Seeing your advertisement of Hunt's Liniment, I was induced to try its effects on my son, who had been crippled with a lame back from an infant; and it is with gratitude I bear testimony to its wonderful healing properties. My child who is now five years of age, is now in a fair way of recovery.
Yours, &c.,
DEMMON C. NICKERSON.
Post Office, Towners, Putnam Co.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with the above named child, and think the father would be safe in saying that his son is almost well.
JAS. W. DYCKMAN, Depy P. M.
November 5, 1845.

P. S. I would also state that I have been for a number of years subject to frequent attacks of the Rheumatism, which in many instances prevented my attending to my business. Two or three applications of the Liniment invariably remove all affections of the kind. In cases of bruises, sprains, and sores too numerous to mention, it has in this vicinity proved a certain remedy. Its value can only be estimated by those who have given it a fair trial.
The Liniment is sold by
D. F. MCGILVRAY.

THIS THURSDAY EVENING.

Rev. S. COBB, (Universalist) of Boston, will preach a Lecture in the Palmer Depot School-House, (THURSDAY) evening, at early candle lighting. The public is invited to attend.

MARRIAGES.

In Marlboro, on Aug. 12, Mr. Daniel A. Judd, of Ware, and Miss Lucy Nelson, of M.
In Springfield, on the 25th, Mr. John Charter to Mrs. Sophia Sanderson, both of S.
In Hartford, Aug. 13, Mr. J. W. Smith, of New London, Ct. to Miss Sarah P. White of Belchertown Mass.

DEATHS.

In Charlestown, Mass., on Sunday morning, Aug. 25, of the Typhus fever, Eliel P., the eldest son of Porter and Sophia Cross, aged 13 years.
In Suffolk, on the 5th, Mr. Jonathan K. Kent, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 87.
In Springfield, on the 16th, Mr. Ezekiel Whiting, aged 55.

Dentistry.

H. M. EMERSON,
WOULD respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Palmer and vicinity, that he may be found at

E. ALLEN'S HOTEL,
where he is most happy to wait upon all those requiring his professional services.
All operations warranted, and charges satisfactory.
N. B.—A permanent residence is contemplated should sufficient encouragement be given.
Palmer Depot, Aug. 26, 1846.

FURNITURE & CHAIRS!
O' every description, superior workmanship and latest style, may be found at SMITH'S NEW CARPET SHOP and
Furniture Warehouse
THORNTON. The rest of the story may be told in a few words. "The undersigned has established himself at the above place, where he is now endeavoring to acquire a reputation for manufacturing good work, which he determines to sell cheap, cheaper, cheaper, for cash only. His arrangements are such that he cannot be undersold, either in this vicinity, Springfield, or elsewhere, and respectfully invites those in want of anything in his line, to give him a call, and satisfy themselves with regard to the truth of the above statement."
LEHMAN C. SMITH.
Bristol, Aug. 1846.

GINGHAMS & LAWNS.
SPLENDID styles selling at a great discount, at
McGILVRAY'S.

Hams, Pork and Lard.
EXTRA Boston Hams, Pork and Lard, for sale
McGILVRAY'S.

Hats! Hats!!
SOME beautiful style Dress and Black Hats, now offered for sale at
McGILVRAY'S.

Shoes! Shoes!!
JUST received at the Depot Store, a fine assortment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes, in all qualities, colors and prices, to which the attention of the Ladies is solicited.
D. F. MCGILVRAY.

LADIES' GLOVES & HOSIERY.
A FULL assortment at low prices, at
McGILVRAY'S.

A FEW pieces more of those Black German Cloths, which have given so good satisfaction just received and for sale at the depot store.
D. F. MCGILVRAY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.
In Insolvency. Before E. D. Beach, Esq., Master in Chancery. In the matter of Hosea Beckard, Junior, of Palmer in said County, Insolvent Debtor. To Roswell Eggleston, Assignee in said case.

YOU are hereby directed to call the 4th meeting of the creditors of the said Debtor, to be held at the office of the subscriber, in Springfield, in said County, on Saturday the 12th day of Sept. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel, printed at Palmer, in said County; at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims, and the said Insolvent Debtor, may be discharged, which will be heard and considered at said meeting. And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order, with your doings herein.

Witness my hand, this 12th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.
E. D. BEACH, Master, in Chancery.
A true copy of the original order.
Attest—ROSWELL EGGLESTON, Assignee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.
In Insolvency. Before E. D. Beach, Esq., Master in Chancery. In the matter of David K. Grinnam of Palmer in said County, spinner, Insolvent Debtor. To Abraham R. Murdock, Assignee in said case.

YOU are hereby directed to call the 2d meeting of the creditors of the said Debtor, to be held at the office of the subscriber, in Springfield, in said County, on Saturday the 15th day of Sept. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel, printed at Palmer, in said County; at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims, and you are further directed to give notice in writing of the holding of said meeting to all the creditors of said Debtor, in your knowledge. And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order, with your doings herein.

Witness my hand, this 12th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.
E. D. BEACH.
A true copy of the original order.
Attest—ABRAHAM R. MURDOCK, Assignee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.
In Insolvency. Before E. D. Beach, Esq., Master in Chancery. In the matter of Harvey Norris and Thomas Norris, of Monson in said County, partners in business under the firm of H. & T. Norris, Merchants, Insolvent Debtors. To Roswell Blair, Assignee in said case.

YOU are hereby directed to call the second meeting of the creditors of the said Debtor, to be held at the office of the subscriber, in Springfield, in said County, on Friday the eighteenth day of Sept. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel, printed at Palmer in said County; at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims, and you are further directed to give notice of the holding of said meeting in writing, to all the creditors within your knowledge. And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order, with your doings herein.

Witness my hand, this twelfth day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.
E. D. BEACH.
A true copy of the original order.
Attest—ROSWELL BLAIR, Assignee.

STANTON'S INTERNAL REMEDY.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.
IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE
The Infallible Remedy
For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contractions of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Lame, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ache in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Swelling of the Throat, Sore Feet, Burns, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attended the application of this most
WONDERFUL MEDICINE
In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named, and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.
HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.
*Sieg Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have used Mr. George F. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have found it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.

R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert White, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Win. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.
Benjamin Moore, Samuel Trowbridge.
Abraham Kipp, Pierre Van Cortlandt.
Stephen Marshall, Abraham Miller.
John Strang, Gilbert Martin.
Philip G. Van Wyck, Edmund M. Biant.
Benjamin Washburn.

"I" The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—
The letter is addressed to Mr. Stanton.
Yorktown, June 10, 1845.

Sir,—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer.
Your obedient servant,
OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.
Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rush-ton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sudd, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 80 N. Villam street.

Orders addressed to me at Sieg Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.
GEO. E. STANTON, Proprietor.

Sieg Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.
AGENTS.—G. W. Callender, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Grinnfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

Gentlemen

CAN be recommended with a cheap article of Boots, Breeches and Shoes, at
McGILVRAY'S.

NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber, grateful to his friends and customers for the liberality with which they have continued to patronize his establishment, would respectfully call the attention of purchasers to large invoices of Rich and reasonable

Dry Goods,

Which he is this week receiving from the N. York and Boston Markets, which having been bought at the low prices which prevail late in the business season, can and will be sold at less prices than Goods bought early can possibly be afforded. Among them may be found

Cashmere, Broche, Stradilla, BERAGE AND BALZOFINE SHAWLS, together with Scarfs, Cravats, Long Shawls, &c., &c., "too numerous to particularize."

New Styles Organdie, Gingham, Muslin, and Lawns, Gingham Muslins, Gingham Lawns, Plaid Gingham, Berages, Balzofines, Repped Cashmeres, Silks, Mous de Laines, Graduated Robes, White Embroidered and Colored, Alpines, Alpacaes, Silk and Cotton Warp, Fancy and Mourning Prints, with every other variety of new and desirable

DRESS GOODS!

German, French, English and American Broadcloths, Black and Fancy Colors, Cassimeres, Satinets and Vestings in great variety of color, quality and price; Gambroons, Bro. Linens, Linen Drills, Indigo Checks, Denims, Lastings, Croton Coatings, Cordingtons, Merino Cassimeres, Blue Drills, Moleskins, Corduroy, &c., &c.,

FOR MEN AND BOYS SUMMER WEAR.

Lace Striped, Checked and Plain Muslins, Barred, Striped and Corded Cambrics, Swiss Mulls and Muslins, Scotch and India Cambrics, Striped, Plaid and Embroidered Curtain Muslins, Crimped Dinty, &c., in the way of

WHITE GOODS.

Carpetings in good variety of style and quality—Bro. and Bleached Cottons, Tickings, Burials, Table Linen, Birds Eye, Russia and Scotch Diapers, Crash, Napkins, Looking Glasses, and a lot of the best pure White Dove Geese Feathers, ever offered in this market, in the way of

FURNISHING GOODS.

Ladies will find a new assortment of Bonnets, of the Latest and Best styles, just received from New York, of Florence, English Pedal, Birds Eye, Lace and Neapolitan, with trimmings to match.

Gentlemen will find

An extensive assortment of Fashionable Hats from the manufacturers of Paris, Florence, New York and Boston, which with a good stock of Caps, Cravats, Bosoms and Collars, ready made Shirts, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Gait Downings, &c., will be offered at prices which cannot fail to make them ready purchasers.

I KEEP FOR CARPENTERS

An assortment of Bench Planes, Moulding Tools, Bench Screws, Plane Handles, Saw Handles, Saws, Framing and Joiner Chisels, Gouges, Dividers, Compasses, Callipers, Pincers, Files, Shingling and Lathing Hatchets, Hand Axes, Broad Axes, Adzes, and a larger and better stock of

HARD-WARE GENERALLY,

than can be found at any other store in this vicinity. A large variety of

STONE WARE,

from one of the best Potteries in the Union, with a very general assortment of

Crockery, Glass & Earthen Ware,

at the lowest market prices.

BUILDING MATERIALS,

As Nails of first rate quality, Glass in good variety of size and quality, Sheet Lead and Zinc, Door Handles and Locks, Butts and Screws, &c., always on hand.

WOODEN WARE.

Alexander's Cheese Presses, Ruggles', Nourse & Mason's Patent Churns, Cows' do., Willow Wagons and Cradles, Tubs and Pails, Butter Firkins and Molasses Kegs, Clothes Pins, Washboards and Mortars with Pestles.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Fresh from one of the best importing Houses in the city of Boston, in all the variety needed in a country town, on as reasonable terms as can be bought in Springfield or Worcester, with a very general assortment of

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

Toys, Fancy articles and notions of all kinds.

White Lead,

Of various qualities not to be undersold by any one. A small lot of pure Old Dutch Linseed Oil, Whiting, Paris White, French Yellow, Paris Green, Ground Verdigris, Paint and White Wash Brushes, and every other article in the Painter's "line."

A Heavy Stock of Paper Hangings

In great variety of color design and quality, consisting of more than 1000 Rolls, which have been bought of the maker on so favorable terms that I do not hesitate to say that I can sell the same quality at a less price than any other trader in this vicinity.

Pittsfield Lime as usual of prime quality.

I am receiving from a first rate FLOURING MILL, twice a week, a superior article of FRESH GROUND FLOUR, which will be sold at Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest market price. In my

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

May be found Porto Rico, Trinidad, Cardenas, Cienfuegos, and New Iberia Molasses; Porto Rico, New Orleans, Havana, Sugar House; E. B. and Philada. Double Refined Lard, Crushed, Powdered and Single Refined Lard; Sugars; Old Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Powehong and Sou chong Teas; Old Java, Manilla, Brazil and Ground Coffee; Cod Fish, New Conn. River Shad in half and quarter Barrels, Mackerel in Barrels, half and quarter bbls. a nd Kitts, Sword Fish in bbls, halves and qrs., Salmon in bbls, and Kitts, Herring in Boxes, Smoked Beef, Lard, Hams, Dried and Smoked Halibut, Tobacco of the most approved kinds; Lorillard's Scotch and Macaboy Snuff;

200 Bushels North River Corn;
200 Bags Dairy Salt;
30 Barrels fine Am. do.;
50 Sacks "Worthington's" Liverpool do.;
25 " Western Ground do.;
100 Bush. Turks Island do.;
100 " coarse fine American do.;
2000 lbs. Nova Scotia Grindstones,
Besides an innumerable variety of other articles in this line, always ready for the inspection of customers. Without claiming a larger portion of "Business Facilities," than can possibly fall to the share of one man, I will say in a word—that my Goods will be offered at prices which cannot be undersold.

Palmer Depot May 28, 1846

ABNER ALLEN.

POETRY.

For The Sentinel.
To Mrs. A. B.

THE WARP OF LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE—A weaver sat by the side of his loom,
A fluting his shuttle fast,
And a thread that would near till the hour of
doom,
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angel spun,
And his loom was bright and new,
Like the threads the morning upbraids from the
sun,
All jeweled o'er with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful dower,
In the rich soft web were bedded,
And blithely sped onward the joy-lit hours,
Not yet were time's feet loaded.

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle legs blithely did ply,
For thought had a wearisome spell.

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy grey;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was grey;
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves were
gone,
And the gabled towers creaked lay.

And dark, and still darker, and darker grew,
Each newly-woven thread;
And some there were of a death-working hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And thing all stronger were woven in,
Sighs, down-curved hopes, and fears;
And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with shining tears.

And the weaver faint would then fling it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light, and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A weaving those life-cords in.

And as he wove, and weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him high;
And with glowing words, he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
An "Oh" wove on—on—on—
Till the lost-lost chord from his heart, was given,
And the tissue strange 'twas done.

DEATH—Then he threw it about his shoulders
bowed,
And about his lowly head;
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Laid him down among the dead.

And after I saw in a circle of light,
The weaver in the sky;
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale at night.

And I saw 'neath the folds, all the iris hues flow-
ers,
That beneath his touch had sprung,
Much more beautiful far than these stray ones of
ours,
Which the angel love to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond sure;
And jewels besetting a monarch's crown,
Were the foot prints left by care.

And where one had wept the breath of a sigh,
Was left a rich perfume;
And with light from the fountains of bliss in the
sky,
Shed the labor of sorrow, and gloom.

And now I pray, when your last work is done,
And the silver life-chord riven,
Be that strain of your sorrow the deepest one,
That you bear with you to heaven. N.Y.M.

Ware Village, Aug. 20, 1846.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 7, 14, 8, 4, is a town in Massachu-
setts;
My 1, 2, 6, 11, 7, is a town in France;
My 12, 11, 3, 5, is a river in Africa;
My 2, 12, 9, is a cape on the coast of the U.
States;
My 13, 10, 12, 2, is a volcano of Europe;
My 4, 2, 11, 9, 8, is one of the U. States;
My 10, 13, 4, 1, 14, 8, is a town in New
Hampshire;
My whole is a new star in the literary
sky. W. T.

HUMOROUS.

A VERY LONG NOSE.—A gentleman hav-
ing put out a candle by accident one night,
ordered his waiting man (who was a sim-
ple being) to light it again in the kitchen;
adding—"But take care, James, that you
do not hit yourself against anything in the
dark."

Mindful of the caution, James stretched
out both arms at full length before him,
but unluckily a door that stood half open,
passed between his hands and struck him
a woeful blow upon the nose.

"Golly gracious!" muttered he, when
he recovered his senses a little, "I always
heard that I had a very long nose, but I
vow I never have thought that it was long-
er than my arm!"

"What stone is it, Simon, that is always
laughing?"
"Pooh! Nonsense!"
"Just so. Tell me."
"I can't. Give it up."
"A grin-dstone—as you call it."
"Lu! so it is."

INTERESTING.—To have your nose hat
blown off, and see a friend stop it by put-
ting his foot on it.

Whocanmakethatlikeoutcorrectly?

THE GIANT'S COFFIN ;

OR
The Fend of Holt and Houston.

Continued from first page.

one side, where, in consequence of some
inequality of the edges, the lid had not
settled fairly down upon it. It was the
side opposite to that in which his fingers
had been crushed, and where the stone
still maintained its hold upon the mutila-
ted member. He heard the whistling of
the wind, the hoarse rush of the waters,
and the heavy fall of the rain without, and
a shuddering sense of his situation rushed
instantly upon his soul. For a moment
he sank back, appalled, oppressed; but
the numbing pain of his injured hand and
wrist, up to his elbow, recalled him to the
necessity of effort. Houston was a man of
strong will and great energies. Though
at the first moment of consciousness op-
pressed and overcome, the outlaw soon
recovered himself. It was necessary that
he should do something for his extrication.

The light shut out, if not entirely the air,
is one of those fearful facts to rouse a man
in his situation and of his character, to all
his energies. But the very first move-
ment was one to awaken him still more
sensibly to his dangers. Having arisen to
grasp the sides of the vault, which, in the
place where he had laid his hand was fully
five feet high, his position when fixed
there, was that of a man partially suspen-
ded in the air. His right hand could bare-
ly touch the floor of the chamber. His
left was utterly useless. In this position
he could not even exert the strength which
he possessed; and, after an ineffectual ef-
fort, he sank back again in mental con-
sternation. The horror of that moment
passed in thought—the despair which it
occasioned—was the parent of new strength.

He came to a terrible decision.
To avail himself of his right hand, it was
necessary that he should extricate the other.
He had already tried to do so, by a
vain effort at lifting the massive lid of his
coffin. The heavy plate no longer vibrated
upon a pivot. It had sunk into a natu-
ral position, which each upright evenly
maintained. The hand was already lost
to him. He resolved that it should not
render the other useless. With a firm-
ness which might well excite admiration,
he drew the couteau de chasse from his bo-
som, and deliberately smote off the mutila-
ted fingers at the joints; dividing the
crushed parts—bone and tendon—from the
uninjured—falling heavily back upon the
stone floor the moment the hand was
freed. But this time he had not fainted,
though the operation tended to restore the
hand, which had been deadened by the
pressure and pain of its position, to some-
thing like sensibility. But such pain was
now but slightly felt; and, wrapping the
hand up in his handkerchief, he prepared
with due courage for the difficult task be-
fore him. But the very first effort almost
convinced him of its hopelessness. In vain
did he apply the strength of his muscular
arm, the force of his broad shoulders,
his sinewy and well-supported frame.
Forced to crouch in his narrow limits, it
was not possible for him to apply to ad-
vantage, the strength which he really pos-
sessed; and, from the extreme shallow-
ness of his cell in the lower extremity, he
was unable to address his efforts to that
part where the stone was thinnest. At the
upper part, where he could labor, the
mass was greatly thicker than the rest;
and it was the weight of this mass, rather
than the strength of Acker—the momen-
tum once given it from above—that car-
ried the plate along to the foot of the plane.

His exertions were increased as his
strength diminished—the cold sweat poured
from his brow—and, toiling against
conviction, in the face of his increasing
torments, he at length sunk back in ex-
haustion. From time to time, at brief intervals,
he renewed his toils, each time with new
hope, each time with a new scheme for
more successful exertion. But the result
was, on each occasion, the same; and,
yielding to despair, he threw himself upon
the bottom of his cell and called death to
his relief.

While thus prostrate, with his face pressed
upon the chilling pavement, he sud-
denly starts, almost to his feet, and a new
terror seizes upon his soul. He is made
conscious of a new and pressing danger.
Is it the billows of the river—the torrents
swollen above their bounds—that beat
against the walls of his dungeon? Is it
the advancing waters that catch his eye
glimmering faint at his feet, as they pene-
trate the lower crevice of the coffin? A
terrible shudder shook his frame! He
cannot doubt this new danger, and he who,
a moment before, called upon death to re-
lieve him from his terrors, now shouts un-
der worse terrors, at the prospect of his
near approach in an unexpected shape. It
is necessary that he should employ all his
strength—that he should make other and
more desperate efforts. He rises almost
erect. He applies both arms—the maimed
as well as the sound—almost unconscious
of the difference to the lid of his tomb.

"Buried alive!" he cries aloud—"Buried
alive!" and at each cry his sinewy arms
shoot up—his broad shoulders are raised:
his utmost powers concentrated upon the
one point, in the last effort of despair, must
surely be successful. His voice shouts
with his straining sinews. He feels the
mass above him yielding. Once more—
and once again—and still he is encourag-
ed. The lid vibrates—he could not be de-
ceived—but oh! how slightly. Another
trial—he moves it as before, but as his
strength fails, his efforts relax—and it sinks
down in its place. Breathless he crouch-
es in his cell. He listens! Is it a foot-
step? It is a movement! the stones fall
about the roof of his narrow dwelling. A
human agency is above. "Hurrah!" he
cries—"Hurrah! Throw off the stone—
crush it—break it! There is no time to be
lost!" For a moment he fancies that the
movement above is one intended for his
relief. But what mean these rolling
stones? A new apprehension possesses
him in the very moment of his greatest
hope. He rises. Once more he extends
his arms, he applies his shoulders; but he
labors now in vain. His strength is not
less—his efforts are not more feeble—in
this than in his former endeavors. He can-
not doubt the terrible truth! New stones
have been piled above his head. He is
doomed! His utmost powers fail to move
the mass from its place. His human en-
emy is unrelenting. He cries to him in a
voice of equal inquiry and anguish.

"Who is there? what enemy? who?—
Speak to me! who is above me? Who?
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UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or
VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases tri-
sing from a deranged or unhealthy condition
of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspep-
sia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, head-
ache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhoea, dysen-
tery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side,
back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under-
determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles,
liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly
calculated for females, to remove obstructions and
restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and
also for curing the various kinds of humor which af-
fect the body externally. Their operation is mild,
but effectual, causing no griping, or disagreeable
feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines,
whereto they cleanse the whole alimentary canal
and remove from the stomach and bowels the vari-
ous impurities which are constantly collecting
around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify,
and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the
blood; they renovate the diseased and languid organs
of the system, bring nature into its legitimate chan-
nel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the de-
spending invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters
have over any other remedy yet discovered, is, that
in restoring every func-
tion to its proper order, they do not reduce the sys-
tem, so that tonics are required, but may be taken
with perfect safety at any time, without particu-
lar attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stom-
ach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to
pursue his ordinary business with renewed ener-
gy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity,
addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be
promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thordike; E.
Bond, Bowdoin; A. Shawway, Three Rivers;
Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham; N. Village; R. R.
Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross &
Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co., No. 10, Fac-
tory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson;
Andrews & Merriek, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren;
H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village). 22

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DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!
FROM 375 BOWERY NEW YORK, for the cure of
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver
Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.
NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.
Dear Doctor—An am connected with the De-
mocratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy
publicly to state, for the information of every body,
the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BAL-
SAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on my-
self. About five years since, all my acquaintances
pronounced me to be past all hope of cure
from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me
as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six
months almost incessant, preventing me from sleep-
ing more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse
night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, ex-
pectedorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and re-
duced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using
this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being
cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it
acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well,
and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and
cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons af-
fected with consumption by all means to use steady-
ly Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, 375 Bowery,
and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be
seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the
Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly,
A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.
Dear Doctor—About five years since I was taken
with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was
bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cu-
red entirely by one bottle of Dr. Taylor's Balsam of
Liverwort, 375 Bowery.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.
H. C. LOWMAN, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.
Dear Doctor—This is to certify that I have been
afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the
lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the
grave. All medical and proved unavailing, and owing
to the weakness of my constitution, which age
had materially impaired, felt that I could not much
longer battle the disease. At this time I was recom-
mended by Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, 375
Bowery, and I purchased a bottle, and used it with
the greatest care, and with safety say, I have been almost
restored to health, as much so as the minutiae of my
disease would permit. All those who are afflicted with
diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially
urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy.
This certificate can be used as evidence, and comes from
one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRETT.
The above certificate has been the pleasure to
send you, with permission to publish.
Yours truly,
J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, \$1.00—
small bottles, \$1.00. Agents, D. J. McSherry & Co., Palmer Depot;
George Aye, Becheroway; W. N. Packard, Mon-
son. 19

Keep Perfectly Cool!
Pure Linen Coats, \$1 25 to \$1 75
Seer Sucker " 1 50 to 2 00
Real Scotch Gingham do. 1 50 to 1 75
Satin Figure, " 1 00 to 1 25
Imitation Scotch " 1 00 to 1 25
Good Thin Coats, a cool
garment, 75 to 1 00
Light Summer Vests, En-
glish Quiltings, 1 25 to 2 00
Light Summer Vests, Va-
lencia, 1 25 to 2 50
Good Light " 50 to 1 00
Thin Pants, of Pure Linen,
of all materials,
adapted to the present
Hot Weather, 75 to 1 50

All the above Garments thoroughly
made in FASHIONABLE STYLE at
OAK HALL, and must be sold, being de-
termined to close up all of their Thin
Clothing immediately.

Gentlemen in want of a Good Cool Thin
Garment, for a little money, the above of-
fers a great inducement.

OAK HALL BUILDINGS,
32, 34, 35, & 38 Ann Street,
BOSTON. 27-28

COOL COMFORT,
Is finally ascertained to be, a tumbler of well iced
Soda Water,

in a hot day. The above comforting beverage of
the very best quality, with a variety of choice Syr-
ups, always on hand.
Also, Rochelles, Soda and Seidlitz Powders,
Mead, &c., at
A. BLODGETT'S.
Ladies and Gentlemen invited to call! 26

To Builders
AND OTHERS!!
THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all
kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the
addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call
and learn prices and examine quality before purchas-
ing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.
N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine,
and Spruce Flooring, all ready for living on.
D. F. MCGILVRAY.